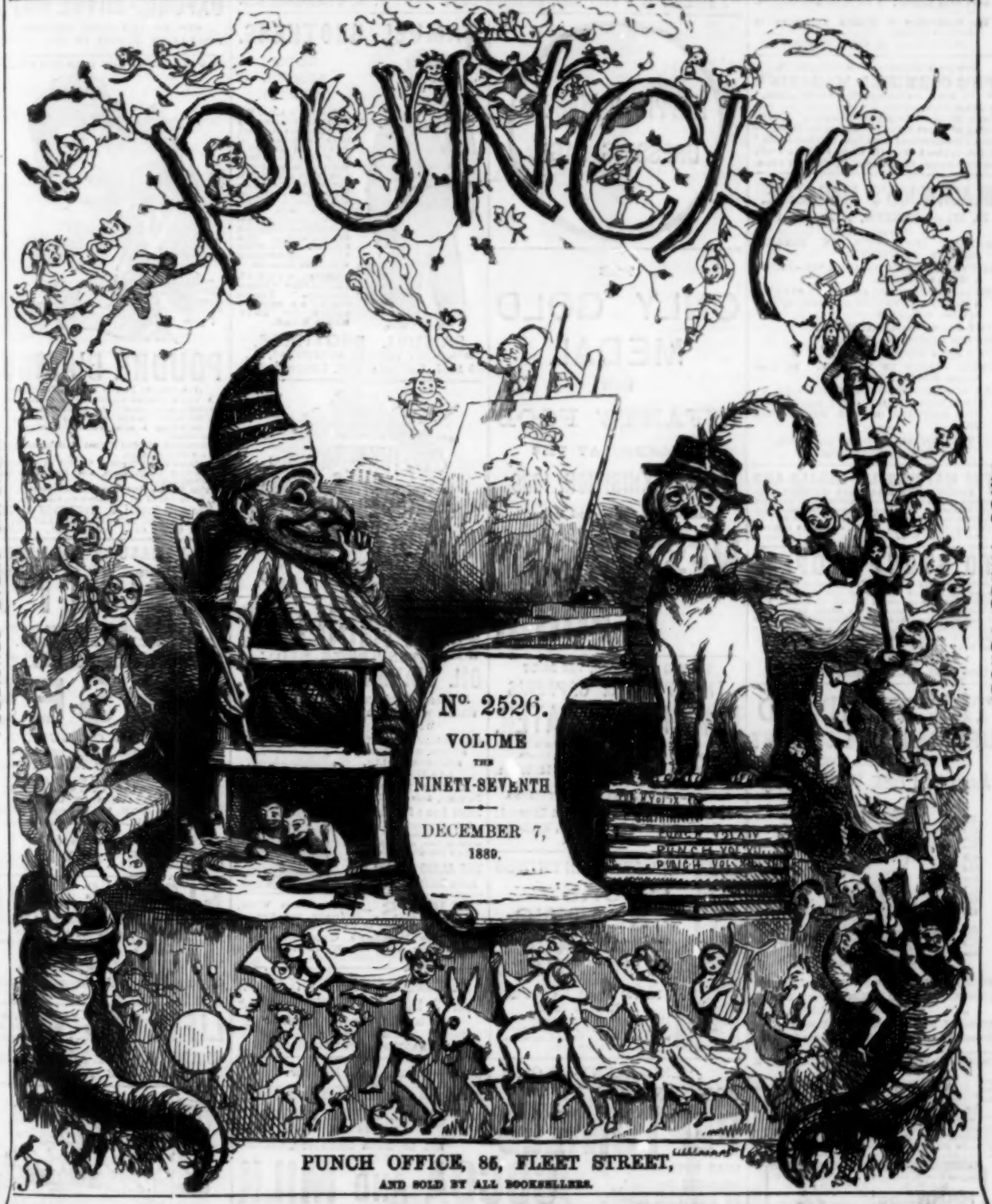
☞ **THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "PUNCH"** *contains two large separate Pictures—"Mr. Punch at the Carnival of Nations," by* JOHN TENNIEL, *and "Mr. Punch's Panorama of the Year," by* HARRY FURNISS; *besides "Mr. Punch's Illustrated Tour round the World," and a variety of other Pictures, Cartoons, and Sketches, and Punch's Almanac for* 1890. *36 pp. and a Wrapper. Price Sixpence. Sold everywhere.*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH



PRICE THREE PENCE.

N° 2526.

VOLUME THE NINETY-SEVENTH

DECEMBER 7, 1889.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

USE LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF. CONTAINS NO ADDED SALT.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

for DECEMBER, price 1s., contains:—

1. Kirsteen; by Mrs. Oliphant. Ch. XIV.—XVII.
2. The Teaching of English Literature; by the Rev. Canon Ainger.
3. County Landmarks; by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice.
4. A Ballad of East and West; by Yunsuf.
5. A New El Dorado; by George Cadell.
6. The Later Plays of Björnson.
7. Lord John Russell; by the Hon. Arthur Elliot, M.P.
8. The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney; by Rudyard Kipling.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 76,

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

for DEC., containing "The Burnt Million," by James Payn, Author of "By Proxy," &c., &c., Chaps. 22–24.—"Longshore Memories."—"The Taking of Oumen Ogion"—"Among the Sardos"—"Some Unrehearsed Effects," and "Mademoiselle," by Mrs. Oliphant. Part II. Chaps. 5–8 (concluded).

London: SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 890.—DECEMBER, 1889.—2s. 6d.

CONTENTS.

CURRENT INFLUENCES ON FOREIGN POLITICS. By KYPIOS.
MASTER OF HIS FATE. Chaps. VII.—IX. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.
THE CASKET LETTERS AND MARY STUART: A REPLY TO CERTAIN CRITICS. By JOHN SKELTON, C.B., LL.D.
LADY BABY. Chaps. XXXIX., XL.
WINTER BIRDS.
LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
TIBBIE SHIEL'S IN YARROW. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE.
THE OLD SALOON.—ART IN SCOTLAND, &c.
A DETERMINED ARISTOCRAT DENOUNCES THE DOCTRINE OF VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, Edinburgh and London.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD AND FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE

is the original and only recognised medium for High-Class Introductions. The largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 2d.; in envelope, 4½d.—Address Editor, 46, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

SUNDAY TIMES says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM."—Book (128 pp.), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.), post free 6 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Accumulated Fund, 7 Millions Stg.

FOR PROTECTION

& INVESTMENT

EDINBURGH, 3 George St. (Head Office)
LONDON, 69 King William Street, E.C.
" 3 Pall Mall East, S.W.
DUBLIN, 60 Upper Sackville Street.
Branches & Agencies in India & the Colonies.

PRESERVE YOUR DIGESTION, AND DRINK NO TEA BUT

SANTHA.

Can be made instantly in Cup or Teapot.

"The aroma is preserved and the tannin rendered innocuous."—LANCET. "Fragrant, agreeable, and digestible."—ILL. MEDICAL NEWS. Of Chemists, &c., 1s., 1s. 6d. (80 cups), and 6s. Wholesale, BARCLAYS'.

To gain Health, Strength & Vitality, wear one of
MR. C. B.'S Thousands of Testi-
HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS
monials from all classes of Society.
Pamphlet & Advice free. A Boon to Men and Women.
MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, Oxford Street, London, W.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

"I consider it a very rich, delicious Cocoa."—W. H. R. STANLEY, M.D.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S DRESSING BAGS.

THE

ONLY GOLD MEDAL

FOR

INFANTS' FOOD

AWARDED AT THE

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889,

has been conferred upon

NESTLÉ'S FOOD.

TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY

THOMPSON & CAPPER'S

DENTIFRICE WATER.

Beautifies and Preserves the Teeth.
Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the Breath.
In 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 9s. 6d. bottles.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.
BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS.
THOMPSON & CAPPER, { 55, Bold Street, Liverpool; 51, Piccadilly, Manchester.
ESTABLISHED 1843.

TIME tries all THINGS

COCKS' READING SAUCE

Has stood the test of time.
First introduced to the Public in 1789. In this year celebrates its Centenary.
For 100 Years it has been the BEST FISH SAUCE.
The Genuine is Protected by Trade Mark, Viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature, on a White Ground, across the Reading Arms.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

"ETON" SUIT.

BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of BOYS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING. They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing about 300 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price Lists, &c.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS' "WEAR-RESISTING" FABRICS (Regd.) are especially adapted for BOYS' HARD WEAR.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS, OUTFITTERS, &c.,
65 & 67, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.

RIPPINGILLE'S

PATENT PRIZE MEDAL

OIL WARMING STOVES.

The Cheapest and most effective means known for Warming

GREENHOUSES, OFFICES, SHOPS, BEDROOMS, STUDIES, HALLS, LANDINGS, &c.

Odourless, Smokeless, Portable, Safe, and Cleanly.

Prices from a few Shillings.

Full Illustrated List, and name of nearest Agent, forwarded free, on application to Sole Manufacturers,

THE ALBION LAMP CO., Aston Brook, Birmingham.

TUBES.

For Gas, Steam, Water, Hydraulic, and Heating Purposes; Galvanised or White Enamelled inside. In stock to 6 in. diameter. Cocks, Valves, &c. JOHN SPENCER, Globe Tube Works, Wednesbury; and 14, Gt. St. Thomas Apostle, London.

"WELCOME ALWAYS, KEEP IT HANDY, GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY."

Of all Dealers. Beware of Imitations.
Manufactured by
T. GRANT & SONS, MAIDSTONE.

"EXCELLENT—of Great Value."—*Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

CONCENTRATED

PEPTONIZED COCOA AND MILK

(PATENT).

Gold Medals, 1884, 1886.

FOR INVALIDS, DELICATE CHILDREN, AND ALL OF WEAK DIGESTION.

MOST NUTRITIOUS.
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.
NO DIGESTION NEEDED.

Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each, obtainable everywhere.

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH'S

"EUCALYPTUS" SANITARY SOAP.

Purifies the Skin and Beautifies the Complexion. 1/6 Box of 3. Chemists, Grocers Stores, direct post free, 22, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKIN ENHANCED BY

POUDRE D'AMOUR

(Prepared by PICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs).

A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum, Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and softening the Skin. It will be equally welcomed by all, for imparting a most natural freshness to the complexion.

Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.

In three tints; Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle for darker complexions, and Rachel for use by artificial light.

Price 1s. By Post, free from observation, 1s 1d.

To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.

Wholesale Depôt: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31 AND 32, BERNERS STREET, W. And 91–95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

For PLEASURE and PROFIT.

FRUIT

Nothing so Profitable and Easy to Grow.

74 ACRES IN STOCK.

See CATALOGUE for Simple Instructions and kinds of Trees to suit all Soils.

ROSES

20 ACRES OF BUSHES,
8s. per doz.; 60s. per 100.
Packing and Carriage Free for Cash with order.
ROSES IN POTS, from 15s. per doz.
ORNAMENTAL TREES 91 ACRES.
FOUR ACRES OF GLASS.
CLEMATIS (80,000), 12s., 18s., and 24s. per doz.
SEEDS AND BULBS—VEGETABLE, FLOWER, AND FARM.
Descriptive Lists Free.

RICHARD SMITH & CO., Worcester.

FLOR DE JAVA

MILD INDIAN CIGARS

of an exquisitely choice flavour and delicate aroma. 12s., 20s., and 28s. per Box of 100, Post Free. Samples, 4 and 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

BEWLAY & CO., Ld.,
49, Strand, and 143, Cheapside, London.
(Agents for Great Britain.)

LIFTS

LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c. For HOTELS, MANSIONS, &c. DINNER and INVALID LIFTS.

CLARK, BUNNETT & CO., Lim.,
RATHBONE PLACE, W.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles &c.
Roberts & Co
Chemists. 5 R. de la Paix Paris
Keep at their London House
7 New Bond St. W.
all French & Foreign Medicines &c

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIII.

"A WORKMAN seeking work he cannot get,
Than ŒDIPUS or *Hamlet* is a yet
More tragic figure." Truly?
So says, at least, your soberest platform Sage,*
Who little shares the weakness of the age,
To emphasise unduly.

"*Hamlet* in fustian! Ah!" the Shadow smiled.
"Think you Society would be beguiled
To see *that* sordid drama,—
Society, to which the labourer lone
In dull suburban suffering is unknown,
Well-nigh, as the Grand Lama?

"Well, we at least may watch it, if you care
For witnessing unpicturesque despair,
Undecorated sorrow.
This man, no Œdipus, knows not to-day
How to procure his children food, or pay
The landlord's claim to-morrow."

I looked into a scantly-furnished room—
A lamp's low flame scarce glimmered through the gloom;
And yet a certain trimness
Of none too tasteful Cockney carefulness
Spake in the pictured walls, the woman's dress,
Through all its doleful dimness.

A head set smartly on, an apron clean,
A face not vixenish, though worn and lean,
Hair glossy, though dishevelled,
These mark the better sort of workman's wife,
Who in the humble joys of labouring life
For prosperous years has revelled.

Revelled in almost radiant content,
The well-stocked cupboard, and the ready rent,
Materials for gladness.
Modest, yet all-sufficing, were her own,
And not till now has the poor creature known
The sharper pangs of sadness.

Now? Well, you see her "Man" is "out of work!"— [lurk
Menacing phrase, in whose dread meaning
Ruin and helpless anguish;
To Toil it sounds the tocsin of despair,—
Once raise it, and in many a joyless lair
Labour unfed must languish.

Footsore and faint, from a long foodless tramp,
Through miles of City suburb, drear and damp,
In leafless, grey November;
Her husband has returned. Behold him there,
Cowering and shivering in the close-drawn chair,
Over the fire's last ember!

Hamlet, in fierce soliloquy near the throne,
Larger, more searching, sorrow may have known,
Not more complete prostration
Of manly energy and struggling hope.
They only know it who have had to cope
With such a situation.

Mile after mile, with ever lessening force!
Shop after shop, with voice more faint and hoarse!
Still tramping, still appealing!
Picture that daily task for many a week—
Rebuffed all round, with ever-paling cheek,
And courage still congealing.

"Chance of a job?" The dismal shibboleth
Repeated with dropped eyes and bated breath
At entry after entry,
Becomes a burdening horror. Now 'tis o'er,
Hope's latest portal 's shut, and at the door
Sullen despair stands sentry.

The shame of it! The once smart-vestured wife
Looking appeal that cuts more like a knife
Than any loud reproaches;
The hungry children's clamour hardly hushed,
Their tear-stained cheeks with ruddy health once flushed,
On which the white encroaches.

The half-stripped chamber, and the vacant walls, [falls—
On which his dizzied glance, despairing,
Ay, and that open letter,
The angry landlord's last demand! His head
Drops o'er his knees. Great Heaven! were *he* dead,
For *them* were it not better?

"You read that in his eyes, and read aright,"
The Shadow said. "Come forth into the night!
Yonder rolls on the river,
Fog-hidden, silent, fascination wild
For many a soul grief-stricken, sin-defiled,
Lone girl, or evil-liver!

"The winter mists hide it, and it hides all,—
So dreams, at least, full many a hopeless thrall
Of poverty or sorrow.
The fate-scourged soul's surcharged with woe to-night; [light
What if the body, with dawn's breaking
Drift down that flood to-morrow?

"The woe, at least, is over, and the strife
With the twin harpies of the toiler's life,
Hunger and Debt. Who knows them?
Not *Hamlet* and not ŒDIPUS. They wage
Ravaging war upon a pettier stage, [them.
These scenes, good friend, disclose

"Spectres unpicturesque! Ambition, lust,
Volcanically wreck; these twain, like rust,
Silent, and slow, and stealthy,
Eat into humble souls; their utter stress
Strains not the imposing strugglers in life's press—
The wicked and the wealthy.

"The poor to plead for, or to champion want,
Strikes your great 'Thunderer' as 'the sorriest cant'—
And I am not a canter." [small,
Murmured the Shadow. "Nay, shopkeeper
Artisan out of work, or Sweater's thrall,
'Tis better 'form' to banter.

"They 're not heroic, are they, friend?—to *us*
Like halting *Hamlet*, fate-scourged ŒDIPUS.
And are they not protected?
'Freedom of Contract' is their guardian boon,
What more, by *doctrinaires* who dream and (Like MORLEY)—is expected? [moon,

"Freedom of Contract! 'Tis delightful fun!"
"And what," I murmured, "has that blessing done
For the wrecked workman yonder?"
"Well, he contracted—freely—for his rent,
(Upon his normal wage how much per cent.
That means, let pundits ponder).

"Freedom of Contract, plus that *force majeure* [secure—
Which binds the toiling throng in toils
Stern need of shop or dwelling,
And narrow limitations of their choice—
There breed such bliss as scarce an angel's
Were adequate to telling. [voice

"For the results! Friend did you hear that splash?
Poor fool, dull, unappreciative, rash!
His idle hands deliver [heart,
One o'erstrained head, and one impatient
His 'freedom' bids him choose despair's last part—
A plunge in the cold river!"

(*To be continued.*)

* Mr. JOHN MORLEY, at the "Eighty" Club.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

"OH, WHAT a vast and a varied variety—You see in the Royal Water-Colour Society!" Why shouldn't I sing? Why shouldn't I "drop into po'try"? It's nice rimey weather. They wouldn't allow me to do it at the Institute. It's all right here! Fol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol-liety. Mr. RIDGE, the Keeper, approaches. Looks as if he were about to institute a *de lunatico inquirendo*—says it's *rigidly* forbidden. Ha! ha! Not bad. But let us be serious. Eh! What! "*The Fleet Saluting!*" Suggests "Kiss me quick, and go!" Nothing of the kind! Charming study of Spithead last August, by Miss CLARA MONTALBA, who has at least a dozen capital works in the Gallery. STACY MARKS has some clever pictures. Stay, see MARKS, by all means. Look especially at his "*Lloyd's News*," and his "*Sulphur-crested Cockatoo*." ALFRED D. FRIPP has only one picture. There is no frippery whatever about the "*Stair Hole, Hanbury Down*," but an excellent, an earnest study of Nature, painted at Lulworth. Sir JOHN GILBERT appears, with all his old force and splendour, in "*A Bishop*." Good to look at. Just the man for a *see*. HERBERT MARSHALL has marshalled his talents mostly in Holland, and only gives us one view of London, namely, "*Westminster Abbey, from Lambeth*." This is so good, that we cannot allow him to go out of London again for a long while. J. H. HENSHALL's "*In Wonderland*," is a clever picture of a pretty little damsel, with a pair of shapely, sable-hosed legs, over the arm of a chair. We cannot help wondering what the little lady's mamma will say when she sees her lolling and dreaming in this fashion. F. SMALLFIELD's pictures, especially *Sadak*, and "*When the Bloom is on the Rye*," show his versatility, and demonstrate that his field of observation is anything but small. "And there are lots more I could name with propriety, That are hung at the Royal Water-Colour Society!"

THE WARBLING CRITIC.

MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

A WORD FROM THE MOUTH OF THE BOURNE.

Now that the subject of winter resorts is before the world, some account may appropriately be given of that Bournemouth to which so many visitors return. The town seems to have been built in the midst of pine-forests, through which roads have been cut in different directions; and it is significant that every thoroughfare in Bournemouth, with but one exception, is still called a "road." The whole place, as HAYDN, or his librettist, might have put it, is "with verdure clad"; the rich greens of the pine-trees and the firs being, in many places, relieved by the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, or the pink flowers of the rhododendrons. Snowdrops and winter roses may here and there be seen; but the general uniform of the place is green sprinkled with red.

At Bournemouth I was, for the first time in my life—but not, I hope, the last—inveigled into taking up my abode at a temperance establishment. It was not even an hotel—not at least by name—the proprietor of the house being specially forbidden by the terms of his lease from calling it one. He was prevented, moreover, by a clause in this formidable lease from applying for a wine and spirit licence. A feeling of depression comes over the visitor, when on crossing the threshold of the "Imperial," he finds an announcement staring him in the face, to the effect that the proprietor does not possess a wine licence, and is bound not even to ask for one. "All ye who enter here, leave drink behind," the solemn inscription seems to say.

But an hotel, even though it be furnished like a well-appointed private house, and bear no special designation, is still an hotel; and though an hotel-keeper may have bound himself not to apply for a wine licence, this does not prevent him from enabling his customers to order wine from another hotel. A sort of cheque-book is brought to the visitor, who draws for whatever draughts he happens to require; whether for lunch, dinner, or the intervals between regular meals. This plan of ordering wine beforehand might advantageously be adopted at all hotels. It would save delay, and that rushing to and fro on the part of the waiters, which must necessarily take place when wine is ordered only at the moment of sitting down to table.

The rivers of Bournemouth and its neighbourhood are full of fish. The Bourne contains tittlebats; the Avon, near Christchurch, is famous for its salmon—"*saumon de Christchurch*," as it is called in our London *menus*; while the Stour, on the other side of Christchurch, is celebrated for its pike—the turnpike—that stands on the bridge by which it is crossed.

In the beautiful cathedral-like church of the village of Christchurch, fine stone architecture and droll wooden sculpture are to be seen; a remarkable example of the latter being an admirably-carved representation of a preacher in the form of a fox, holding forth to a congregation of geese; the duty of the clerk being performed by a crowing cock. In the churchyard I noticed an epigram and an enigma—both excellent. The former is as follows:—

"Live well, die never;
Die well, live for ever."

The enigma runs thus:—

"We were not slayne bvt rays'd;
Rays'd not to life
Bvt to be bvried twice
By men of strife.

"What rest covld th living have
When dead had none?
Agree amongst yov.
Heere we ten are one."

"HEN: ROGERS Died Aprill 17, 1641."

The ancient explanation of this epitaph in the form of a riddle was a most unsatisfactory one—"that ten men having been drowned, their bodies were recovered, and buried together in one grave." What is evidently the true solution has been found by the present Rector of Christchurch, who, starting from the fact indicated by the date, that the re-interment took place during the Civil War, came to the conclusion that Cromwellian troops, in want of bullets, must have dug up the ten bodies with a view to their leaden coffins, and then re-buried them in one common grave.

Boscombe, an interesting suburb of Bournemouth, is remarkable for the fineness of its sea-view and the humour of its inhabitants. At the entrance to its pretty little pier may be read this exhilarating announcement: "Dogs are not allowed on this pier for promenading purposes." I have made a copy of this strangely worded regulation, and sent it as a rare curiosity to the *Académie des Inscriptions* of Paris. Close to the pier is a lofty sand-hill, absolutely destitute of vegetation; on which some facetious member of the Town Council has caused a notice to be set up, entreating the public to "protect the grass on this slope."

Ultimately, I discovered on the top of the sand-hill, widely dispersed, just thirteen blades of grass; and I have opened a subscription for the exhibition of a second notice which, I propose, shall be in these words:—

If you 'd seen this grass before it grew,
You 'd give the gardener all is due.

With a contented mind, a cheerful spirit, and enough experience of musical and dramatic performances, to render an occasional absence from them a pleasant change, one may pass a few days, or even weeks, agreeably enough at Bournemouth. The open sea, the jagged, many-coloured and picturesque cliffs, the golden sands, the green pine-woods, the hedges of laurel and rhododendron, are delightful to the lover of Nature. But no amusements are provided which, to a Londoner, would seem worthy of the name; and in this, above all, lies the inferiority of Bournemouth, as of all other English watering-places, to Nice, Monte Carlo, and the favourite health-resorts of the Riviera.

CHARITY THAT BEGINNETH NOT WHERE IT SHOULD.

"AND WHAT 'S ALL THIS I HEAR, BARBARA, ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO FIND SOME OCCUPATION?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, IT 'S SO DULL AT HOME, UNCLE. I 'VE NO BROTHERS OR SISTERS—AND PAPA 'S PARALYSED—AND MAMMA 'S GOING BLIND—SO I WANT TO BE A HOSPITAL NURSE."

THE GOOD MUSICIAN.

POOR dear FREDDY CLAY! No common Clay. Gone from us last week after seven years of suffering. His disposition was as sweet as were his melodies. He had collected about him a band of devoted friends; nothing false or discordant ever fell from his lips, or from his pen; he never made an enemy, and lived in harmony with all who knew him, for all who knew him loved him. I knew him well. *Requiescat!* F. C. B.

THE NEXT POPE.—There can no longer be any doubt of it, the next Pope must be Mr. STEAD, of the *P. M. G.* What title will he assume? Pope LINUS was the immediate successor of St. PETER, so Mr. STEAD, on the strength of his "Letters from the Vatican," might appropriately style himself Pope PENNY-A-LINUS.

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

A Golden Piece at the Criterion—A Tempestuous Piece at the Lyric.

CASTE is a masterpiece. It is full of those touches of nature which, as affecting the use of pocket-handkerchiefs, should gladden the heart of the washerwoman. It is irresistibly comic; it is irresistibly pathetic. With two exceptions, namely, first, that speech of *Esther's* about "galloping over the upturned faces," and the other an expression of *Gerridge's* about *D'Alroy* clasping his wife in his "great, strong, loving arms"—both of which are quite out of keeping with the characters in whose mouths the words are placed—the piece is free from all tinpot sentimentality. Part of ROBERTSON'S mission was to upset the conventional love-making which, till his time, had been expected from stage-lovers. In *Caste* the lovers talk as they would, and do, in real life,—stupid talk, that raises a sympathetic smile by its perfectly natural inanity.

A CASTE AT THE CRI, AND A CRY AT THE CASTE.

The Wicked Abbé leans upon his stick, and wipes away a tear.

At the Criterion, DAVID JAMES, as *Eccles*, is inimitable. His business, considerably developed, when he holds the audience watching him as closely and as intently as though he were about to commit a melodramatic crime, when he is simply filling and lighting his pipe, without saying a word, is a triumph acknowledged by a round of genuine appreciative applause.

The performance of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE and Miss OGLA BRANDON, as *George D'Alroy* and *Esther Eccles*, is as near perfect as it can be: and his scene with the baby *is* perfect. Miss LOTTIE VENNE'S *Polly Eccles* is Ecclesent,—I should say, excellent. Mr. BROOKFIELD'S *Sam Gerridge* is a living type of the honest mechanic; careful and economical, he is bound to get on in the world; kind and generous, he will win the affection of those who come to know him; yet capable of turning so nasty if anything rubs him the wrong way, that one trembles lest after the honeymoon is over, the lively *Polly* may occasionally regret her bargain.

BROOKFIELD-*Gerridge's* genuinely hearty and awkward shake of *Hawtree's* hand is an inspiration, but *Major Hawtree*, a brave soldier who has fought for his country, is not the sort of man who at that time and place would turn round to pity his own squeezed hand, and shrug his shoulders by way of making a cynical apology, to himself and society generally, for his recent condescension in fraternally greeting a horny-handed grubby gasfitter. *The Marquise* is the one character that ROBERTSON couldn't write. He meant her for a Grande Dame, and he has produced a Lady Snobbess.

The Play is one which no lover of the Drama ought to miss seeing. It commences at the rational hour of 8·45. May I be permitted to suggest, for the benefit of those who hate "turning out of their homes after dinner," that from the Criterion dining-room to the Theatre is but a step, and, if you don't mind a few more steps, you could "do yourself" worse, but scarcely better, than at the Café Royal in Regent Street, superior to any similar Restaurant in Paris—certainly as to the wines,—and, ahem! not much behindhand in prices, which you will do well to study before ordering, remembering that it costs very little more for two persons to dine than for one—and then having smoked two-thirds your cigar, and taken your coffee at the table where you dine—a great boon, smoking permitted at and after 8 o'clock—you can finish the other third as you walk quietly and digestively down to the "Full Cri."

Tempestuous Nights at the Lyric.—In *The Red Hussar*, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON has composed an Opera, and scored a success. His *collaborateur*, Mr. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS, has just escaped writing a good *Libretto*. It might have had a second title, *The Military Billy Taylor*, if that hadn't been done years ago at the Royalty. The piece goes smoothly enough, yet it is nearly all TEMPEST. Act I., TEMPEST as a ballad-singer, nice little hussy, in which she sings a taking waltz; Act II., TEMPEST as a dapper officer, nice little hussy becomes nice little Hussar, in uncommonly tight pants, reddy, aye, reddy—very dandy boots—and with a Song of the Regiment, which is full of "go"; Act III., TEMPEST again as an Heiress, in a sedan-chair, who marries the man she loves, but, being still of an eccentric turn, elects to reappear on her wedding day in the costume of the *Red Hussar*.

Billy Taylor was a "fine young fellow," and so is *Ralph Rodney* (Mr. BEN DAVIES). *Billy* was pressed and sent to sea: RALPH, pressed by debt, enlists and joins the army. *Billy's* young woman was a "maiden fair and free" (I forget her name, and believe she never had one in the ballad), so is *Ralph Rodney's* sweetheart, who, when *Ralph* is enlisted, follows him to the wars in the disguise of a soldier—a brilliant Red Hussar, "unattached," except to *Ralph*—just as *Billy's* young woman follows him to sea dressed as a sailor, her hands smirched "with the nasty pitch and tar," "under the name of *Richard Karr*." *Billy's* sweetheart, finding him faithless, shot him and his new flame, and received the commendation of the Captain for the deed, as well as promotion in the British Navy from a Government, that evidently knew how to reward merit in those days. But *Miss Kitty Carrol*, when she sees *Ralph* with *Barbara Belasys* (Miss FLORENCE DYSART), doesn't do anything at all, as far as I could make out—not having a "book of the words" for reference—but, taking the situation in the friendliest possible spirit, dashes recklessly into the Song of the Regiment, by way of bringing down the Curtain on a gay *finale*. The Third Act seemed unnecessary, except for HAYDEN COFFIN'S song, which is not the happiest of Composer SOLOMON'S inspirations. To my mind, there's not an air in it equal to the "*Bake-a-roll*" in *Pickwick*. It was a cold night. I came into the theatre myself, and I went out Coffin', and haven't been the same man since. Perhaps I may now get engaged as a tenor, or to replace one of the supers, who shaved off his moustachios in order to do his best, as he said before the Magistrate, for the success of *The Red Hussar*. Bravo, super!

Tria Juncta in Unâ.

"Ah ci Ben Mio"; or, The Lyric edition of Henry Neville.

The scenery and costumes are charming. This *Red Hussar* ought to do what no soldier ever should do, and that is,—run.

HOLLAND HOUSE AT MONTE CARLO.—Fogs, snow, North-east winds, sunless, joyless weather in London, and then to read the journalistic summary of the very summery state of the weather at Monaco and Monte Carlo, where the new Métropole Hôtel, under the Management of Mr. ALFRED HOLLAND, has just been opened fresh as one of the Dutch natives. Would that we could take a month's Hollanday, and be like the swallow flying South towards the South Pole, or quite far enough to the Métro-pole. No such luck, and luck's everything at Monte Carlo; so we hope there's plenty of it, with the new and superior sanitary arrangements, at "Holland House," in the Paradise of Principalities, where play is work, and demand-notes, Schoolboard-rates, and taxes, are unknown.

THE ROBIN.

(With apologies to "The Throstle" that sang in October.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming, Christmas is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it!
Goose again, gifts again, peace and good-will again."
Yes, and the bills again—blow it!

Here's the tailor's—new suit for my younger son WILL,
Reseating the same, same repeated.
"Bill, bill, bill, bill!" Be thankful *your* bill
Need not be receipted.

"Ice again, frost again, all the pipes burst again!"
I wish Christmas came in the summer.
You can't get the plumbers to work, little friend;
At Christmas you can't get a plumber.

"Beer again, beer, beer, lots of beer!"
Oh, yes, it's drink that's the reason.
Christmas is coming, is coming, my dear,
And I wish you joy of the season.

A GOLDEN BOOK.—The best of all the Christmas Books we've at present seen, the one that comes nearest the true spirit of Christian Christmas is Mrs. MEYNELL'S touching story of *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth*, illustrated by GEORGE LAMBERT, and charmingly got up by Messrs. BURNS & OATES. Some years ago GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA powerfully pleaded for the funds of this noble Institution with the best results. Miss MEYNELL'S delightful book must touch all hearts and open all pockets.

A Real Musical Treat.

"*Six Song-Stories for Children*,"
Will be to them a joy
With pictures by HELEN MACKENZIE,
And music by JIMMY MOLLOY.
You'll sing them in Christmas play-time,
The time for cakes, crackers, and apples,
Though not to be sung in Churches
You'll always get them at CHAPPELL'S.

BISMARCK COMMITS "THE HAPPY DISPATCH"—TO THE POST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF her name is any indication of the director of her literary talents, Mrs. SALE BARKER ought always to write nautical stories. The children will be as contented with her charming annual as must be ROUTLEDGE, and the Sons of ROUTLEDGE, who put it before them.

Pepin, the Dancing Bear, by Mrs. MACQUOID, and illustrated by PERCY MACQUOID. Get it from SKEFFINGTON AND SON (if SKEFFINGTON isn't in, ask the son), and give it to your for-bears for Christmas.

The Encore Reciter sounds like a personage who asks twice for whiskey, but it isn't. It's a collection,—most of us dislike collections, but you can put in your modest coin and get something out of it. WALKER. This pedestrian publisher turns out some bright and entertaining books for children. I think if they're lured on to learn the *Reciter* by heart, they will be quite quiet till it is time to return to school, and they can give the recitations there. From JAMES CLARK & Co. comes *The Rosebud Annual*. Blooming again! Examine its leaves. I have to turn on a band of skimmers and a crew of skippers to look into these Christmas books, otherwise the Bold Baron would sink under the task. Alone, he can't do it. But he can guarantee the opinions given by the skimmers and skippers (who "know the ropes") on all they pick out for choice. So the Baron's examining chaplains pass as first-class in one line—here's the line:—Miss A. B. EDWARDES'S *Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites*—not quite a book for very little children. So don't be misled—Miss (A. B. E.) led—by the sound of *Dolly Mites*. Elder children look out! So for COOPER'S *Leather-Stocking Tales*, and our dear old friend, *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hang it! This must be the very last of the Mohicans! He'd been lagging behind, and has lost his way, because he got out of the company of *The Pathfinder*. That'll do for this week.

As for the Cards, they're pouring in. Old Father Christmas hasn't himself, as yet, left his card with us—at least, the Baron doesn't see anything like his old friend's face in the brilliant flowers, birds, and lovely designs worked out by Messrs. HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER, for example, with whom he will begin, and, for this week, end. Plenty more to review. The cry is still they come; but I can only notice "here a one and there a one," says, emphatically, the friend of everybody,

BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

"A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PERSON."—The London citizen.

THE MYSTERY OF A CITY DINNER.

THERE is a curious paragraph amid the rare fashionable announcements of the *Daily News*. It records how a dinner was given at the Albion Tavern, to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, Mr. EDMUND YATES in the Chair.

"The guest of the evening (we read) was presented by the Chairman on behalf of the subscribers, in a feeling speech, with a handsome service of plate, artistically designed to illustrate the most celebrated characters and incidents in the works of CHARLES DICKENS. The presentation was from Mr. PARKINSON'S private friends in acknowledgment of recent public services in connection with an archæological and philanthropic association, of which Mr. PARKINSON has been a leading member for a quarter of a century."

A flood of questions arises on this. What is the archæological and philanthropic association thus darkly alluded to? Mr. PARKINSON was, we fancy, once made a Bard or a Druid in connection with the Eisteddfod. Is that it? Why drag in CHARLES DICKENS? and what was EDMUND "feeling" for? His pockethandkerchief? Not we trust for any stray item in the service of plate subscribed by these inscrutable private friends to a hitherto unsuspected Public Benefactor.

A VERY CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—"There have," the *Pall-Mall Gazette* complacently remarks, "been two rather curious instances of journalistic coincidences this week. One is the Cartoon in *Punch*, and the Cartoon in the *Pall-Mall Budget*, both representing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the Sphinx. The other, the *Daily News* and the *Pall-Mall Gazette* both adopting the parody form in reviewing Mr. MORRIS'S *Roots of the Mountains*." Not the least curious feature in the coincidence is, that it was a little late. *Punch* is in the London newspaper offices on Tuesday afternoon, the *Pall-Mall Budget* coming out on the following Thursday; whilst the idea of reviewing Mr. MORRIS'S book in the particular form alluded to appeared in the afternoon issue of the enterprising sheet, with much else already familiar in the morning papers.

THE Pigmies of South Africa are, it is said, in a letter to the *Times*, "gradually disappearing." A striking illustration of "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Young Mother (lately from Girton). "COME IN, DEAR. EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MOMENT. I 'M JUST ORDERING A CRIB FOR HERODOTUS."
Fair Friend (not from Girton). "OH, *that* 'S WHAT YOU 'RE GOING TO CALL DEAR BABY, IS IT?"

FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

A SONG OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

AIR—"*Three Students were travelling over the Rhine.*"

THREE strangers were travelling townward one day,
And together they paused to hobnob by the way.
Oh, far might you wander before you would see
A grislier group than that terrible Three!

For not the Three Ravens of legend looked foul
As these Three with the "mortar-board," "stove-pipe," and cowl;
And not the Three Fates, when intent on their thread,
Had an aspect more harsh, a demeanour more dread.

There was he of the "mortar-board," pedant austere,
With the book and the birch that the little ones fear;
The grinder of hearts and the racker of brains,
Moloch-service the price of his dubious gains.

The Teacher as torturer, poverty's scourge,
Who the lesson would force, and the school-fee would urge.
Though poor bairns to his rostrum should hunger-racked come,
With the penny that left them all starving at home.

And who is his villanous plump *vis-à-vis*,
Of the visage suffused with such sinister glee?
That ruddy-faced rogue is Society's curse:
His hands ever grope in the fat Public Purse.

Plump hands and prehensile, they grub, and they pick,
And, oh, how the gold to those digits will stick!
That 's Jobbery, thiefdom incarnate is he,
And perhaps the worst knave of the rascally Three.

As sly Jerry-Builder he best loves to pose,
But that cynical eye, and that fee-sniffing nose,
Into everything peer, into everything poke,
Where there 's chance of a "job," which *he* hails as a joke.

And the third of the Three, the strange spectre, and thin,
With the cowl, and the bowl, and the skeleton grin!
Ah! Pedantry callous, and Jobbery foul,
Find companionship fit in the Thing with the Cowl!

"Drink, Gentlemen! Fill up your cups to our Cause!"
And they rap on the Board with effusive applause.
For the stuff in that bowl is right stingo, you see;
And they all love a dip, do those sinister Three.

And these be thy friends, Education! The grub
Who would ruthlessly cram the poor famishing scrub,
The knave, of whose life base corruption is breath,
And—auxiliar of all things, destructive!—pale Death.

Education! O spirit benignant and kind,
To the ghouls who dishonour thee canst thou be blind?
Not this was the promised Utopian bliss,
Of thy kingdom so lately established—not *this!*

Thy task is divine, but 'tis badly begun.
Autolycus, Herod, and Moloch in one
Appears this new idol that some would set up,
To drink childhood's bane in a poisonous cup.

Hath Justice *no* power—hath Law not a hand,
To sweep jocund Jobbery out of the land?
'Tis our newest Utopia, and lo! *he* creeps in,
Hob-nobbing with Death, with its menacing grin!

The fumes of those draughts are of deadliest breath,
Pedant cruelty, knavish corruption, and Death!
Education 's a spirit benign, with fair ends,
But Heaven deliver her from her new friends!

OLD FRENCH MOTTO FOR CREMER.—"Toy *que j'aime.*" Ask to see the *Grenouille nageuse* at "the Cremeries." Froggee would a swimming go. The Country House of the Cremeries, where the toys go for their spring, must be at "Dollis Hill."

FRIENDS (?) OF EDUCATION.

OUR LAW COURTS.

Lords Justices BOWEN and FRY are prepared to break the windows of the Court, and relieve the asphyxiated Bar.

In order to deaden the sense of smell, second-hand clothes-pegs will be used by the Bench and the Bar.

THOSE DREADFUL DOCTORS!

SIR,—I am sure that the thanks, not only of rather cautious people, like myself, who take their own little measures for self-protection, but all who give a moment's consideration to the matter, are due to Miss COBBE for calling attention to this deadly scourge working in our midst, the modern disease and destruction-distributing Doctor. Some years since, it was my bitter misfortune to have introduced into my defenceless and unsuspecting household, by one of these secret pests of our existing social system, a virulent epidemic of nettle-rash, of the worst type; and it was this final outrage that roused me to think out, and carry into execution, the subjoined plan, which, I submit, is the only possible safe method, under existing circumstances, of calling in, and getting the advice of the ordinary medical practitioner. There may be a little trouble involved in carrying it out, and it may not always be easy to come across, especially in a busy neighbourhood, a medical man of a sufficiently scientific bent to induce him, for the accustomed fee, which I never exceed, of three shillings and sixpence, to fall in agreeably with the little extra trouble involved in giving effect to the few precautionary measures which my sense of obligation to myself and family obliges me, when seeking the assistance of my medical adviser, necessarily to adopt. However, such as they are, I have much pleasure in communicating them for the benefit of your numerous readers.

On a case of illness occurring in my household, and the Doctor being summoned by telegraph, a due watch is set for his approach, and, as soon as he comes in sight, he is played upon by a hand garden-engine charged with a powerful disinfectant. On entering by the hall-door, which is opened to him by a couple of servants bearing large lighted torches, giving off volumes of smoke, for the purpose of fumigation, he is enveloped in a large sheet steeped in vinegar and water, and conducted to a conservatory at the back of the house. Here he has to take off his clothes, which are taken from him and burnt, he the meanwhile being requested to step into a shower-bath of Condy's fluid, upon emerging from which he dresses himself in a complete suit of camphorated white linen clothes that have been already prepared for him. He is now finally enveloped in a large but tight-fitting india-rubber waterproof overcoat, buttoned close up to the ears, and having a lighted strymonium cigar put in his mouth, and receiving a last sprinkling of carbolic acid from a good-sized hand-syringe, may be regarded in safe condition to see his patient, and be ushered without further ado into his presence.

Such, Sir, is the "process," by a rigid adherence to which I flatter myself I have as yet managed to preserve myself and the members of my family from the dangers of imported infection. It is true that, nicely as it reads on paper, its practical execution has certainly given rise to several misundertandings with the various medical men whom I have from time to time called in; one, for instance, strongly protesting against the burning of his clothes, the value of which he ultimately recovered from me by means of an appeal to the County Court; while another bitterly reviled me, because the shower-bath of Condy's fluid had had the result of turning him a rich deep brown colour, that lasted quite a month. Though I tried to explain to him that so far from objecting to this, he ought, on the contrary, rather to hail it as a welcome advertisement to everybody who met him, that *he*, at least, was one of the careful set of medical men, and had been thoroughly disinfected; still, he did not seem to see the matter in this light, and threatened to put the whole affair into the hands of his solicitors. However, whatever happens, I mean to hold religiously fast to my programme, and fully hope and expect to be able conscientiously to subscribe myself as

ONE WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COMBATED THE INSIDIOUS GERM.

SIR,—I have followed the correspondence on the danger of the spread of infection by Doctors with interest, but I have not, as yet, come across any suggested specific that equals my own. Mine is simple. I never call in the Doctor at all. Not that I am without medical aid. When ailing, I turn to the advertising columns of my daily paper, and try the first patent medicine that meets my eye. As I am constantly ailing, my recourse to this form of remedial aid is tolerably frequent. Indeed, I may say, I almost live on drugs. My life is, therefore, not quite a happy one. I am often overwhelmed with melancholy; still, as long as there is a self-recommended Pill in the market, I feel I have something to fall back upon, and that, even if it does not entirely agree with me, I may still regard it as a preferable alternative to the visit of the infecting Doctor. At least, you may take this to be both the hope and consolation of one who, spite the gloomy outlook of a somewhat shattered existence, yet believes he may honestly sign himself A MATCH FOR THE DOCTOR.

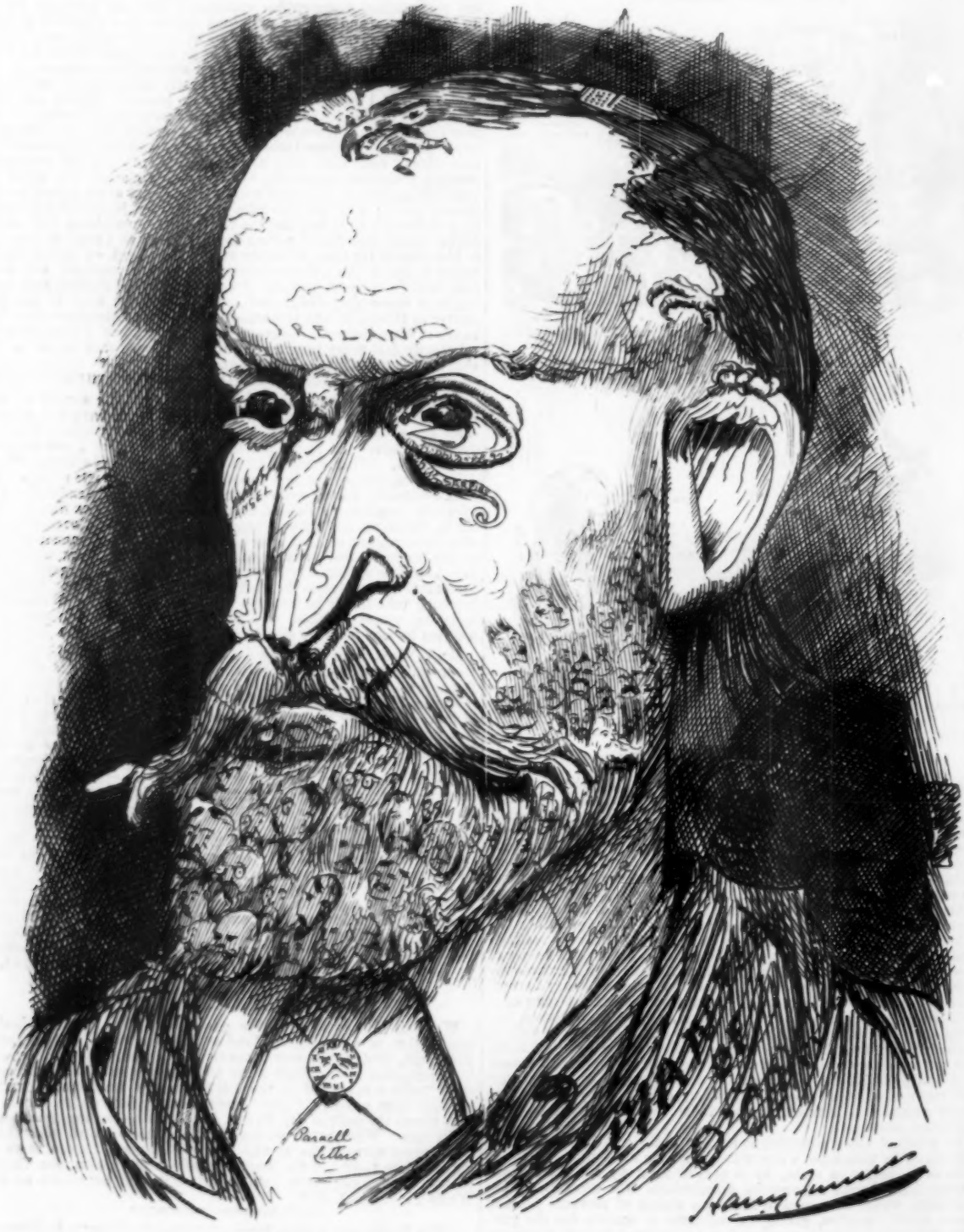
SIR,—What is all this new-fangled nonsense about the Doctors "spreading infection?" "Do they?" Why, of course they do! But it's all in the day's work. I should like to know what busy practitioner has got time to think of changing his coat, or, for the matter of that, of washing his hands because he has just come from seeing A.'s family who are down with scarlet fever, and has happened then to look in on B.'s family who have only been got hold of by the mumps. Bless my soul, Sir, what *are* we coming to next, when these sort of precautions are expected of us? Why everyone who is in the swim knows that if it wasn't for a rattling epidemic now and then, we poor, struggling, hard-working practitioners couldn't keep our heads above water. "Spread it?" Of course we "spread it." That's all fair enough, for how should we keep our business up, I should like to know, and get our accounts to look something like ship-shape, when we send them in at Christmas, if we didn't? Anyhow, those have been my sentiments for the last five-and-twenty years, and good sound sentiments too! And it will want something more than all this squeamish and rubbishing talk about "Disinfectants," and Heaven knows what other old woman's tomfooleries, to take the wind out of one who is only too proud to subscribe himself an

M.D. OF THE REGULAR GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

"KEEP UP THE CHRISTOPHER!"

WE hail with satisfaction the news, taken from that invaluable compilation of news called *London Day by Day*, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, of Brantinghamthorpe, is to be presented by the Electors for the Buckrose Division of Yorkshire "with a memorial of the Parliamentary tie which has existed between them so long." The "Parliamentary tie" we've generally seen round the neck of Mr. SYKES, M.P., in the evening, has been a white one. What better memorial of a spotless record of twenty-three years spent in the service of the Buckroses, than a stock of virgin-white ties? If the Buckroses adopt the notion, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES can retire into private life, and be known as The White Tie-Coon, X M P.

"HIS NAME HAS PASSED INTO A PROVERB."—MARTIN F. TUPPER, famed for his *Proverbial Philosophy*, has joined the majority. He was thoroughly in earnest, and said many a true thing in what popularly passed for poetry. He will be remembered as "The Great Maxim Gun" of the nineteenth century.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 10.

"EVERY EXCUSE."

Brigson (excited). "HULLO!—THERE GOES A——" [*Up with his gun!*

His Host (clutching his arm). "GOOD HEAVENS!—YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THAT FOX!"

Brigson. "MY DEAR F'LLER! WH'-WH'-WHY NOT? THIS IS THE LAST DAY I SHALL HAVE THIS S'AS'N—AND I—I FEEL AS IF I COULD SHOOT MY OWN MOTHER-IN-LAW—IF SHE ROSE!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXVII. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL AT AVONDALE.

SPEEDING in the train to Holyhead, crossing the Channel in the well-appointed boats designed for the Mail Service, landing in Dublin, and passing through Wicklow on the way to Rathdrum, you have opportunity to reflect on the varied experiences that fall to your lot in the task which, impelled by a sense of public duty, you have undertaken. Most frequently your business calls you into communication with the great and the rich. All your men are eminent, and all their houses well furnished. You know most of the Stately homes of England—how beautiful they stand!—have made an inventory of their chairs, their carpets, their line-engravings, and their umbrella-stands. But there is another aspect of the picture, another surface of the medallion; and, as you pick your way across the prickly potato-field that environs the mud-cabin which has descended to the Irish Leader as a feature in his paternal estates, you sternly set yourself to disregard the unusual environments of your company, always ready (as Mr. W. H. SMITH once said) to do your duty to your Queen and your country.

As you draw near to the mud edifice, you discover your host standing in what may be called the doorway, apparently surveying the beauties of the country. At home, among his own people, CHARLES STEWART PARNELL conforms to the habits of the locality. This afternoon he wears a coat in which you recognise the beginning of the dinner-dress which you are accustomed to wear in the higher circles of society in London. It is, perhaps, cut away a little more than usual at the hips, the skirts more decidedly resemble the outline of a swallow's tail, and the collar is a trifle high. But these are details. His breeches are tied at the knee with ribbon, vividly green in hue. Stout brown worsted stockings, a little the worse for wear, cover his shapely limbs, ending in a pair of brogues that have not recently been submitted to the blacking-brush. A waistcoat, half unbuttoned, displays a blue cotton shirt; a high collar, such as Mr. GLADSTONE wears in holiday time, is loosely tied with a kerchief, green, but not so decidedly patriotic in tone as the ribbons that knot the breeches at the knee. A high hat, with exceedingly small brim, is rakishly set on one side of your host's head, and you do not fail to notice the "cuddy" stuck in the rusty band that confines the base of the crown, and has braved many storms in these lovely Wicklow mountains.

Advancing with hearty *bonhomie*, you hold out your right hand to grasp that of the Irish Chief, and, waving your left comprehensively around the scenery, you remark, with the late poet MOORE:—

> "Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
> In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
> Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
> And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled in peace!"

"Ah, well," says your host, without catching your enthusiasm, "if you are tired with your walk, you had better come inside to rest. You will find it less damp."

You follow your host's example in stooping under the doorway, and find yourself in the outer of the two rooms that seem to compose the mansion. A creeper-clad verandah shades the French window, under which a massive pig reposes at full length, and grunts inquiringly at the entrance of the stranger. A faded Turkey carpet covers the floor. But its proportions are not so exact as to hide from your scrutiny the fact that underneath it lies the mud of virgin earth. On one of the low walls under the smoke-grimed rafters, which have, doubtless, covered many a cheery company, hangs a Bartolozzi engraving of Adam and Eve; portraits of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR addressing the House of Commons; TIM HEALY in wig and gown, disputing with the Town Clerk of Ephesus, and seemingly getting the better of him; whilst a portrait of Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT in his court dress, does duty for a fire-screen. This last, however, is not sufficiently massive to cover the generous space, over which hangs a bulky cauldron, from which there flutters a breath of inviting steam. As your host draws up to the fire an ormolu and gilt chair (for the day is chill), and rests his feet on the well-worn straw hassock, you adroitly affecting a slight cold, sniff, for peradventure you may make a happy guess at the contents of the

cauldron. But there is nothing recognisable in the way of odour, though you distinctly hear the bubbling sound as of succulent meats.

The Chippendale *dos-à-dos*, which you take at the invitation of your host, was, you presently learn, in the possession of DANIEL O'CONNELL, who presented it to the great grandfather of your host, Sir JOHN PARNELL, who held for many years the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament, and resigned rather than vote for the Act of Union. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, lightly reaching out his hand towards the low-ridged book-case, enamelled with velvet of dead gold, draws from a receptacle a long pronged iron fork, which he plunges into the cauldron. After an active search, which you follow with keen though dissembled interest, he produces a mealy potato. Placing it, fork and all, on the carpet, at a safe distance from the other resident in the room, prone near the window, whose interest in current events has received a sudden fillip, your host proceeds to take off his coat.

"As you may have read, TOBY," he says, with a pleasant though somewhat chilly smile, "I always take off my coat before approaching a serious question, and I do not know anything that requires nicer manipulation than the peeling of a potato that has been just a little over-boiled. May I offer you some luncheon? No? Perhaps, if you do not care to eat, you would like some refreshment. I can recommend our butter-milk. The Avondale brand is known for miles round the country-side."

You lightly aver that you lunched early, and your host, skilfully holding the potato on the end of the fork, carefully peels it as he proceeds to tell you the story of his life. It is full of interest, illumined here and there, by brief characterisations of the eminent colleagues with whom he has been at work for many years.

"Yes," your host says, in reply to an observation you interpolate, "JOSEPH GILLIS *is* a very remarkable man. There is about him an air of repose which conceals high aspirations, and far-reaching projects. He is our Chancellor of the Exchequer, you know, and I do not recall any sight more interesting than is to be met with during the Parliamentary Session on any Saturday afternoon—JOSEPH, sitting in his office in his shirt-sleeves, with his spectacles on his nose, going through an account for travelling expenses, which one of the boys has sent in, and in which the keen eye of our Treasurer discovers a tendency to exaggerate disbursements."

You are proceeding to draw your host out with reference to other of his colleagues, when you are interrupted by a voice outside, singing,—

"And if ever a man,
Stopped the course of a can,
MARTIN HANEGAN'S aunt would cry—
'Arrah, fill up your glass,
And let the jug pass;
How d'ye know but your neighbour's dhry?"

"Ah! that's MIKE," says your host, "My man-of-all-work. When I have a visitor, he always sings as he approaches, lest he should interrupt the hatching of high treason."

And MIKE entering with a large bundle of letters and telegrams, your host affectionately bids you farewell. You have scarcely quitted the cabin, when CHARLES STEWART PARNELL commences to peruse the correspondence, which bears many foreign post-marks, and contains a pleasing agglomeration of remittances.

SOMETHING LIKE A MEETING!

PLACE—*Somewhere.* TIME—*Any hour.* THE CHARACTERS—*Purely imaginary.*

His Majesty (*heartily*). Why, my good friend, I *am* glad to see you. How *are* you?

The Pasha. Very well indeed, Sire. And your Majesty?

H. M. Capital! But you mustn't call me that—I am simply a Dom now. I suppose you know what I have been doing?

The P. (*with consideration*). Well, Sire, I have been away so long, that the echoes of the outer world have scarcely reached my ears. Still, I think I can guess. No doubt your Majesty (whose reign extends to Jubilee proportions) has had a glorious time. Possibly you have led armies to victories—defeated your enemies—extended the frontiers of your Empire to twice its original proportions?

H. M. (*slightly disconcerted*). Well, not exactly. (*Frankly.*) Fact is, I have spent a great part of my time in dear old Europe. Try again.

The P. (*after consideration*). Well, then, your Majesty, you have been the cherished of your grateful people's hearts. They have fallen on their knees, and blessed your name.

H. M. (*much amused*). Not a bit of it—they have kicked me out!

The P. (*surprised*). Dear me! That's awkward!

H. M. (*slightly annoyed*). That's all you know about it! Never was better pleased in my life. Infinitely prefer Lisbon to Rio, and shall probably settle in the new hotel they have just opened at Monte Carlo. (*With renewed heartiness.*) But tell me, my friend, what have *you* been doing?

The P. Surely your Majesty has heard?

H. M. (*apologetically*). No, I have not had much time for reading the newspapers recently; but I can guess. (*With enthusiasm*). A second and improved edition of GORDON, [you have administered countless provinces of the mysterious Soudan with a rule, if not of iron, of kindly tempered steel. Your followers have been devoted to you, and looked upon you as a second father!

The P. Well, not exactly. The fact is, my followers did nothing but imprison me, and then put me up again when someone was coming. (*With a tinge of sadness.*) They are most admirable persons, and I am devoted to them; but I don't think they treated me *quite* nicely!

H. M. (*indignantly*). I should say not! Well, you are back again, safe and sound?

The P. Yes, thanks to my kind friend, the Explorer. I took a year considering whether I should escape with him, or stay with my people, and then he seemed suddenly to think that we had better both be off. So here I am (*anxiously*); but would *you* advise me to go back again? Because if you would, I think——

H. M. (*laughing*). No, no! You stay where you are! But have you no news to tell me?

The P. (*eagerly*). I should think I have, your Majesty! Will you believe it? I have absolutely found a new sort of Cactus!

H. M. (*astounded*). No!!! And I am devoted to botany! Pray show it to me at once!

The P. With pleasure, your Majesty. (*In a tone of quiet triumph.*) So you find, Sire, my labours have not been quite in vain. But I see your Majesty is impatient. This way, Sire.

[*Exeunt hurriedly to look at the new sort of Cactus.*

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

"NOT long ago," said the Moon, "I saw a small country boy who was very miserable. He had just lost his sweetheart, and I can tell you all about it, for I was looking on the whole time. She is a pretty child, with clear eyes and fresh round cheeks, and he is deeply attached to her, and she to him. They used always to walk home from the village school together, and they were to have been married quite soon—but that is all over now.

"The other afternoon I watched the children coming shouting and running out of school as usual, and there was the little girl waiting by the gate in her scarlet cloak until her small lover should join her, as he generally did. Presently he appeared, but he seemed changed, somehow, and did not seem to know exactly what to do. Just as he was about to join her, another boy came up.

"'She's *my* sweetheart now,' said the newcomer; 'not yours.'

"'No, I'm not—am I?' said the little girl, indignantly—but her lover made no answer.

"'Yes, you are,' insisted the other boy. 'He went and sold you to me this afternoon for six brandy-balls—and he can't say he didn't either!'

"'Did you?' asked the little girl.

"'Well, he wouldn't let me have them no other way,' said the boy in a muffled tone.

"'There!' cried the purchaser, triumphantly; 'now you see you've *got* to come along with me!'

"'*Have* I got to go along with him?' she inquired.

"'I s'pose so,' was the sulky reply.

"Now this little girl is a very obedient child, and always does what she is told; so, although she did not like her new sweetheart nearly so well as the old one, she trotted off with him very meekly, for she was sensible enough to see that a bargain *was* a bargain.

"The deserted lover stood in the lane looking after them, and I saw his eyes beginning to fill with water. 'She might ha' said she was sorry,—she might!' I heard him mutter, 'and them brandy-balls, they didn't seem to have no taste in 'em, neither!'

"This is only one of the many heart-tragedies that I see almost every night," said the Moon, "and it is not children only, but quite grown-up lovers, who have to give up their love because they are unable to resist the good things of this world, when they find themselves put to the choice. And when a lover is in this most melancholy situation, he is so sorry for himself that there is no need for other people to pity him—and they very seldom do," said the Moon.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

OLD HIGHLAND WHISKY.

		Per doz.	Per gall.
7 years,	Very Fine,	48s.	22s.
10 ,,	Extra Fine,	60s.	28s.
15 ,,	For Invalids,	72s.	34s.
25 ,,	Finest Liqueur,	120s.	...

GREL BROS., COBBETT & SON
(LIMITED),
210 & 211, PICCADILLY;
18 & 19, PALL MALL;
143, REGENT ST.
Duty Bonded Stores, Inverness, N.B.

Direct supply from the Mincing Lane Market, effecting a very large saving in cost.

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS
NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!
1/3, 1/6, 1/9, and 2/- a lb.
Supplied to the Houses of Parliament.
Delivered anywhere Carriage paid.
OFFICES, 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

FOR LUNCHEON & DINNER.
A Remarkable Red Wine
30s. per Dozen.
Of Exquisite Bouquet and Delicious Flavor, guaranteed absolutely pure, and possessing the body & quality of Port. Though free from added Spirit, will keep good for weeks in the decanter.

Balfontain is specially suitable for Invalids by reason of its fineness and any digestible.

Compares favourably with Burgundies & Clarets at less the price.

BALFONTAIN

Being SOLE Consignees under most favorable circumstances this Wine is offered at the exceptional price of 30s. per doz.

Sole Consignees, Sandiford & Son, King St., Manchester, will send Sample Case, Carriage Paid in U.K. or placed Free on boardship, on receipt of remittance. No charge for Bottles or Cases. Special Contract Discounts for 12, 24, & 48 dozens, or in Wood.

Mr. CHARLES ESTCOURT, F.I.C., F.C.S., City Analyst, of Manchester, certifies:—"The bouquet and flavor show it to be a Natural Wine of superior quality, & with keeping properties not altogether due to its alcoholic standard."

PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN
GOLD MEDAL
CHERRY BRANDY
ESTABL. 1818

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.
"THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES."
PURE, MILD, AND MELLOW DELICIOUS AND MOST WHOLESOME.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

VINTAGE 1884.

ROPER FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

J. EXSHAW & CO.'S
FINEST OLD BRANDY.
30s. per doz., in Cases as imported.
T. W. SHAPLEIGH & Co., 251, Regent Street, W.

G. BRANDAUER & CO.'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS
Neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded.

Attention is also drawn to their new "Graduated Series of Pens," one pattern being made in 4 degrees of flexibility, and each in 3 widths of points. Assorted Sample Box of either series, 6d.; or by post for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

DENTAKON,
FOR CLEANING ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
Either Gold, Platinum, or Vulcanite, keeping the Plates and Teeth bright and clean as when new; preserves Vulcanite, and keeps it sweet; thoroughly disinfects and deodorises every kind of artificial appliance. Children's Regulation Plates, &c. Recommended by eminent Dentists. In boxes, 1s. 6d., through any Chemist, or post free from C. LOWE, CHEMIST, SURBITON, S.W.

HOOPING COUGH.
ROCKE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, whom names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.
Paris—E. Acard, 313, Rue St. Martin.
New York—Fougera & Co., North William Street.

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.

Tonga
"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."—LANCET.
Invaluable in Local Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all the cases in which we have prescribed it."—MEDICAL PRESS.
2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

CLARNICO JELLY.
Professor HERNER, Hon. Sec. of the Society of Analytical Chemists, says:—"Clarnico Jellies are made of perfectly pure and wholesome ingredients.
"The flavours are obtained from fruits, and are not artificial.
"The colours are absolutely harmless.
"By dissolving, perfectly clear and excellent Jellies are obtained without trouble or skill.
"Will keep in any climate for an indefinite time."
OF ALL GROCERS AND STORES,
In Quart, Pint, Half-Pint, and Penny Sample Packets.
SOLE MAKERS—
CLARKE, NICHOLLS, & COOMBS, LTD.,
LONDON.

LOHSE'S (MAIGLÖCKCHEN) LILY OF THE VALLEY PERFUME
is the most fashionable of the day, sold by all high class Perfumers.
GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.

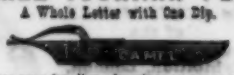
MAPPIN & WEBB'S
HOLLOW GROUND

SHEFFIELD RAZORS.
Post Free from 139, Oxford Street, W., and 13, Poultry, E.C., London, or from the Manufactory, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.
In Case Complete.
Black Handle ..... 4s. 6d.
Ivory Handle ..... 6s. 6d.
Far superior to all Foreign made Razors.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S
WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. In bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Proprietors, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln. Beware of Worthless Imitations.

CAMEL FOUNTAIN PENS.
A Whole Letter with One Dip.



"I use pens for all my drawings on paper or wood and your 'Camel' pens are the best I ever handled."—LINLEY SAMBOURNE.
In One Shilling Boxes. Of all Stationers or
ORMISTON & GLASS, EDINBURGH.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.
Daily yield 807,000 gallons, at a temperature of 115° to 120°.
Baths founded at Bath by the Romans in the First Century. The waters are well known as being most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Corporation of Bath have recently enlarged and perfected the Baths at great expense. In the words of one of the greatest Hygienic Physicians, THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN EUROPE. Band Daily in the Pump-Room. Letters to the Manager will receive attention and every information.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

See Signature in Blue on each Label.

SANITARY SURVEYS.
Examination of Drains and Fittings, Report and Specification, for London House, Two Guineas.
THE SANITARY ENGINEERING CO.,
65, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

COLT'S DOUBLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER,
as supplied to H.M. War Department.
COLT'S SINGLE-ACTION ARMY REVOLVER, as adopted by the United States Government.
COLT'S "FRONTIER" PISTOL takes the Colt and Winchester Magazine Rifle Cartridge, 44 cal.
COLT'S HOUSE REVOLVER, POCKET REVOLVER, and DERINGER, for the Vest pocket; best quality only. Colt's Revolvers are used all over the world.
COLT'S DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUNS and LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES, for India and the Colonies. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS Co., 14, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTES.
Prizes from 40 Guineas upwards. John Brinsmead & Sons, Pianoforte Makers by Special Appointment to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, 1869, 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore St., W. Lists free.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
168, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

GOLDEN HAIR
ROBARE'S AUREOLINE
PERFECTLY HARMLESS.
Sold by Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.
Agents: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.

THREE MEDALS AWARDED FOR PATENTEE.

TILED FLOOR-CLOTH
THE FLOOR COVERING OF THE FUTURE.

An economical and lasting substitute for Ornamental Tiled Pavements. Unsurpassed for Durability. Beautiful Patterns which do not wear through like ordinary Floor-Cloth or Linoleum, nor will the sections "kick up" as with Tiled or Parquet floors. It is easily laid. The patterns are adaptable for all purposes—Halls, Corridors, Offices, Institutions, Galleries, Hotels, &c., wherever there is great traffic.

☞ SOLD BY ALL THE BEST FURNISHING HOUSES.

London Warehouse, 4, RIDGMOUNT ST., W.C. Works—Scarborough.
PARTICULARS AND ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE.

The GOLD MEDAL of the International Health Exhibition, London, has been awarded for this Food; and it is recommended by the LANCET and the entire Medical Press.

For INFANTS.

BENGER'S FOOD

CHILDREN, and INVALIDS.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL says:—"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

THE LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says:—"It is retained when all other Foods are rejected."

RETAIL IN TINS—
1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., 5s., and 10s.
of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

LATEST HONOURS:
Highest Award—Paris, Melbourne, and Barcelona; Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Certificates, wherever Exhibited.

Needham's Polishing Paste

TRADE P MARK

Dazzling Mirror Finish.

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATE, GLASS, &c. Can be obtained Retail everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Pots; 2s. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. Cardboard Boxes.

INVENTORS AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS—
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.
LONDON OFFICE—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

Allen & Hanburys' Castor Oil

Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury — Dainties in Endless Variety—The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard without Eggs.

PERFECT PURITY — HIGH QUALITY.
GREAT STRENGTH—FINE FLAVOUR.
"Always Good Alike."

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA

POPULAR for more than 60 YEARS

London Prices—5d., 6d., 7d., 8d., 9d., 10d., 11d. per ½-lb.
Also sold in ¼-lb. and 1-lb. Packets.

To be had of EVANS, opposite Mansion House, and 75, St. Paul's Ch. Yd.; and by 400 CONFECTIONERS in London; and 400 CHEMISTS in the Country.

Pears' Soap

"SUNDAY MORNING."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SHARP, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PROPRIETORS OF

PEARS' SOAP.

CADBURY'S COCOA IS ABSOLUTELY PURE

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 20, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, December 7, 1889.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.